

EXAMINER'S DOUBLE PAGE OF SPORTS

JEFFRIES AND JOHNSON READY FOR FIGHT

SKETCH OF JEFFRIES AND OF JOHNSON

Sketches of Jeffries and Johnson.

	Jeffries.	Johnson.
Age	35	32
Weight	220	214
Height	6 ft. 1 1/4 in.	6 ft. 1 in.
Neck	18 1/4	18
Chest (normal)	46	45
Chest (expanded)	50 1/2	49
Biceps	15	16 1/4
Forearm	13	14 1/4
Wrist	8	10 1/2
Reach	75	72
Waist	36	34
Thigh	26 1/2	25
Calf	17 1/4	16
Ankle	10	9 1/2
Fights	20	64
Lost	1	2

Purse \$101,000, 75 per cent to winner and 25 per cent to loser.
Moving pictures estimated \$50,000 to each.

When James J. Jeffries was born, thirty-five years ago April 15 last, a first-class fighting man was created. He was endowed with everything that goes to make up a fighter, right from the start. He did not need to train and school himself to any great extent. He had both the brain and the brawn, and all he lacked was the ambition to win fame as a fighter. When that ambition did come to him it required but two years for him to vanquish every fighter worthy of consideration, and make the championship title one of his personal assets. Once he secured it, the only way he could find of ridding himself of the burdens it imposed was to give it away. That is what Jeff did with it. He looked over the field of worthy heavyweights with a view to adopting one of them as his heir. Eight years after his first fight he decided that Marvin Hart was the best-apparant, and abdicated in Hart's favor.

One of the striking things about Jeffries is the fact that it took a great deal of argument to convince him that he was a fighting man at all. Despite Nature's generosity to him in the matter of size and strength, he had a strong suspicion all the time that he was intended to be a farmer. Through his early life he displayed great fondness for getting close to nature via a fishing rod or a gun, and spent quite a bit of time among the mountains. He developed a decided fondness for country life, and when he resigned his high state as champion, having annexed enough money through purses, moving pictures and stage appearances to do what he pleased, he hastened to a farm in Southern California with the intention of ending his days as a sort of country squire. Had John Arthur Johnson and the color question not interfered with his plans, he would, in all probability, have carried out that determination.

Jeffries was born in Carroll, Ohio, in 1875, but his parents came to California so soon after his arrival that he is looked upon almost as a native of that state. Little is recorded of his doings prior to 1897 beyond the fact that he was a mighty hunter, a good boiler-maker, and a rough and tumble fighter with whom few cared to mix. He never was an amateur fighter. The first time he entered the ring he did so on the spur of the moment, accepting the challenge of a colored fighter named "Hank" Griffin because of the money he would get by defeating the challenger. The fight occurred in Los Angeles, Cal., in 1893, and Jeff accomplished the defeat of the colored man in fourteen rounds, winding up with an artistic knock-out. While this victory did not seem to arouse Jeff to any ambition as a fighter, it attracted the attention of fighters to him as a valuable training partner. He secured a middle-weight named Billy Gallagher in San Francisco two years later, and Gallagher got him a match in 1896 with Dan Long of Denver. There was a \$1,000 purse up, and Long went to sleep in the second round when Jeff's left encountered his nose.

It was shortly after this that Jim Corbett began to prepare for his fight with Bob Fitzsimmons, which gave the latter the championship. Harry Corbett, Jim's brother, who was on the lookout for sparring partners, sent Jeff up to Carson City, Nev., to join Jim's training staff. Corbett hammered the big fellow unmercifully, but Jeff was absorbing knowledge of the fighting game through every pore. These were his first real boxing lessons, and took them from a master of the craft. Within three weeks after Corbett's defeat, Jeff was in the ring again on his own hook, doing away with the aspirations of two promising heavyweights in quick succession.

So much had Jeff benefited by Corbett's training that he was marked as a coming fighter at once, and a match was arranged for him with Gus Ruhlin, of Akron, Ohio, which was fought in San Francisco in 1897. The fight went twenty rounds to a draw.

In the same year Jeffries fought Joe Choyinski a twenty-round draw. He recalls this fight particularly, he says, because Choyinski landed on his jaw the hardest blow he ever received. It was a right-hander, and had so much

good will behind it that Jeffries never forgot it. That punch was one of the things that made Jeffries call "horns" to his aid when he decided to return to the ring to fight Johnson. During the next year Jeffries began to find out how really strong he was. He knocked out Joe Goddard of Australia, a hardy fighter with many victories to his credit, followed that up by knocking out Old Peter Jackson in three rounds and making Mexican Pete Everett quit in less than three. A twenty-round draw with Tom Sharkey came in the same year, and then

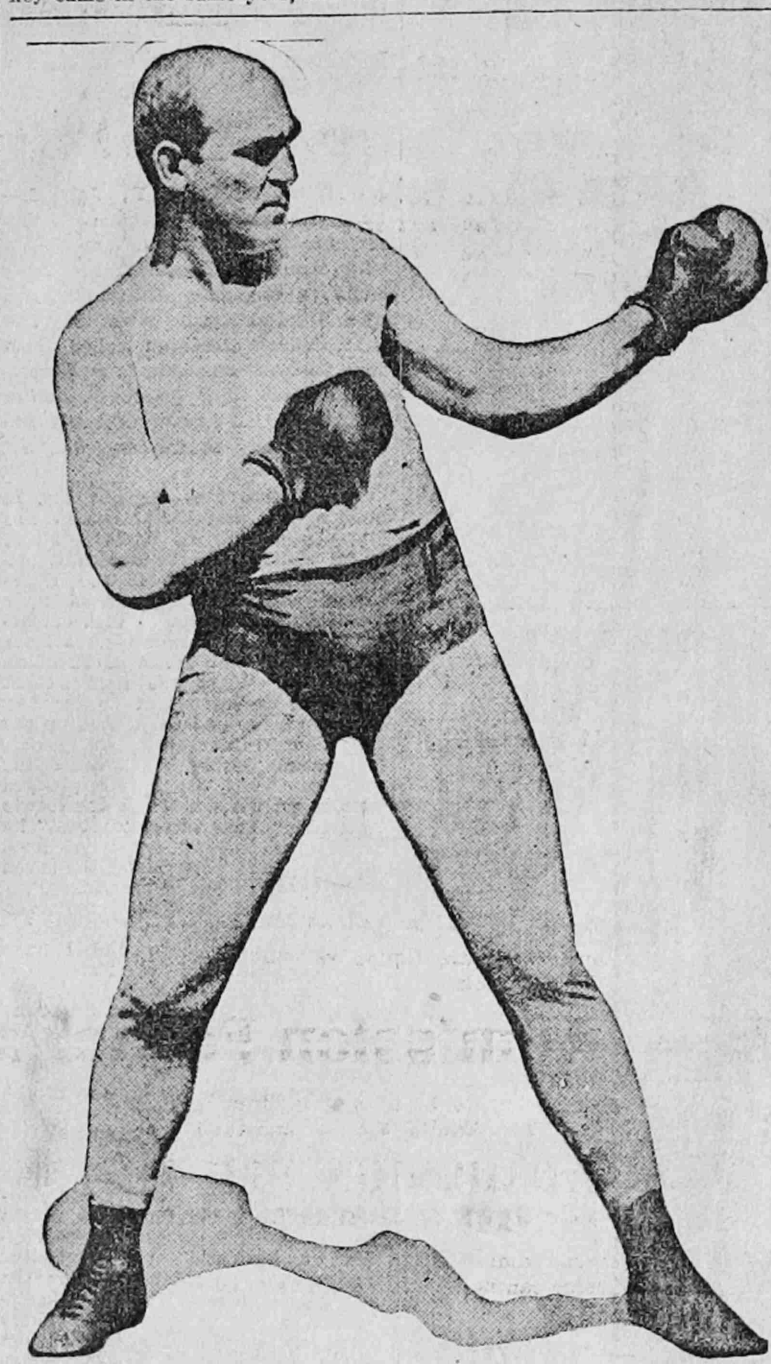


Photo by American Press Association.

Jeffries went to New York, where he was matched to fight two men in one evening. The first of these was Bob Armstrong (colored), and Jeff damaged his hand against the big black to such an extent that he could not meet Steve O'Donnell, the other man, much to the delight of O'Donnell's friends. During this time Bob Fitzsimmons was retaining the championship against all comers. A match was made between Jeff and Bob at Coney Island in 1899. It was looked upon as a joke, as the man who had gathered Jim Corbett's scalp in decisive style was thought to be able to pay with the big green hand, Jeffries. Fitzsimmons did play with him for nine rounds. If there was any part of Jeff's head he did not hit at will, nobody at the ringside could leave the place. But in the tenth round Fitz was tired, and in the eleventh, after coming down twice, he was unable to get up a third time, and Jim Jeffries was the champion of the world.

Five months later Jeffries met Tom Sharkey again in a twenty-five round fight at Coney Island. Jeff got a decisive victory over the sailor, but he declares that Sharkey is the greatest man who ever entered the ring.

Corbett, by this time, was eager to get a match with his former sparring partner. The fight was arranged, and for twenty rounds Jeff took a terrific amount of punishment. He utterly failed to reach Corbett with his gloves, although Corbett battered him around so freely that the big fellow looked foolish. Jeff's seconds told him that he was an ex-champion beyond doubt unless he did something, and Jeff went out to do in the next round. He tore after Corbett, minding the storm of blows that met him no more than he would mind so many raindrops. His left reached Corbett's midsection in the twenty-third round, and a moment later his right ended the

fight with a short-arm jolt to the jaw. Jeff's next fight of any importance was with his old opponent, Ruhlin. After five rounds Ruhlin quit. Jeff had learned too much for Ruhlin between their meetings.

Probably the greatest amount of punishment Jeff ever took—and he took a lot of it first and last—was in his second fight with Fitzsimmons. The fight took place in 1902, and Fitz threw all his cleverness and strength into the first three rounds. Jeff's face was badly cut by his blows, and while Fitz was fresh, the champion looked like a novice beside him. But he could not keep it up, and he could not seem to worry Jeff to any extent. In the eighth Jeff's right caught the old champion in the stomach, his left went to the jaw, and Fitzsimmons was clasped among the has-beens for good.

The second fight with Jim Corbett was Jeff's last important fight. In that fight Jeff showed that he had at

for the supreme prize was realized.

"It was not my fights themselves, but my fight to get those fights that proved the hardest part of the struggle," Johnson told The Associated Press in recounting his difficulties in reaching the pinnacle of his ambition. "It was a long color. They told me to get a 'rep', but how was I to get a 'rep' without meeting fighters of class? But I made them fight me. I just kept plugging along, snapping up what chances to fight I could grab, until by-and-by the top-notchers saw that sooner or later they'd have to take me on. As soon as I had shown what I could do, the fight public—most of the fans, anyway—looked sides with me, and that helped a whole lot."

Johnson asserts that he has never been apprehensive of possible defeat in any contest he has engaged in. None of them, he declares, had any terrors for him.

His four most important battles have been fought within the last year and a half, dating from his defeat of Tommy Burns in Australia, December 26, 1908. Having wrested the championship from Burns, he determined to meet and defend his title against all comers. His fights with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Al Kaufman and Stanley Ketchel followed in rapid succession.

On his fights two or three years before, that had brought him prominence and helped him along greatly in his career, his contests with Sam Langford, the Boston negro, Joe Jeannette, Sam McVey, Denver Ed Martin, Jim Flynn and others, Johnson lays no particular stress except to regard them as so many rungs of his ladder of success.

"I'm looking for a fight," asserted Johnson, "in which I really can let myself out and show the public just what I can do. That's one reason why I'm so anxious to go up against Jeffries."

Johnson's declaration sustains the judgment of numerous sporting writers who have maintained for years that the big negro seldom, if ever, extended himself, and was capable of striking harder blows than he has ever delivered in the ring. It appears to have been a general belief that Johnson was "holding back." This was particularly noticeable in his recent fight with Stanley Ketchel. In that bout Johnson toyed with his man all the way. He seemed to think the fight a joke until a slip and a timely punch brought him to his knees and aroused his anger. Just what happened next has never been clearly known. It was too fast to watch; and in an instant's time Ketchel was on his back and being counted out. He did not seem to realize what had struck him, and Johnson himself seemed astonished at the result of his sudden exhibition of strength and speed.

Johnson was born in Galveston, Tex., his birthday being March 31, and if ring experience goes for anything, he has it. In 1901, his first year as a fighter, he fought six fights, winning all but one, which was a draw. The next year he went into the ring sixteen times, and from then on was almost constantly engaged until to date he has to his credit over sixty battles. While many of his opponents have not been of the style to test his mettle, his frequent bouts have served at least to keep him always in training, and this is one of the strong arguments of his partisans.

Temperamentally Johnson is an interesting study. His chief characteristic is his unflinching good nature, a curiously constant sort of even temper that nothing seems to ruffle. His "golden smile" is seldom out of evidence, and not even the coarse and insulting abuse that frequently greeted him from fight spectators seems to have the power to disturb him. Even when ducking a storm of blows and showing wonderful skill in evading the onslaughts of his opponent, Johnson never loses his poise nor his power of observation. His eyes take in and appraise everything that trans-

pires at the ringside. He seems to hear every comment made by the on-lookers, and even in the midst of a clinch, when every muscle is tense, will recognize a witty sally from the audience with a flash of his ready smile, and, like as not, an equally witty rejoinder thrown at the audience over the reeking shoulder against which he is pressing.

"Why don't you fight, you black man?" yelled an enthusiast at the Johnson-Kaufman fight. The men were in a clinch at the time, but without an instant's hesitation, Johnson shouted back, "Why should I fight? I've got your ten dollars already."

And this cool-headedness under fire is another of the negro's qualities upon which his backers count, believing it impossible to rattle him by any known ring tactics. That his good



Photo by American Press Association.

nature does not indicate a low order of intelligence, however, has been clearly shown by his clever business methods and his rather will done ringside speeches. Men who have watched him say he simply has no nerves, using the word in the accepted sense.

Johnson feels that he has been well trained for this fight. He regards his present staff that has whipped him into shape in his wind-swept camp on the beach as the best he ever had, and says no fighter was ever given more loyal and efficient ser-

nominal title of manager, is a well-known Canadian athlete and sportsman who has developed a number of prominent long-distance runners, among them Longboat, the Indian.

Walter Burns in charge of the rubbing and massage squad, is a negro who has been with Johnson continually for the last eight years. He is regarded as an expert in his line.

Barney Furey, a negro who had charge of the roadwork department before Flanagan came out, has also been with Johnson for the last eight years, and, according to the cham-

of human punching bags, have given the champion admirable service.

In addition to these men, Al Kaufman, the giant young heavyweight who has been training at the Johnson camp prior to his fight with Sam Langford, frequently donned the gloves with the champion, and these lifts never failed to furnish the real excitement at the camp.

Johnson's business affairs are looked after by Sig Hart, who has been connected with the champion only since last October, but whose acquaintance with him dates back twelve years. Hart is one of Johnson's favorites, and it is thought to have been mainly on his account that George Little, who was hostile to Hart, was dropped. Hart is a veteran at the ring game, having been bantam weight champion eleven years ago.

Frank Sutton, a Pittsburg negro who was formerly the trainer and a sparring partner of Bobby Dobbs, the colored light weight champion, joined Johnson's camp some time ago to look after the big fellow's cuisine. He has officiated as Johnson's cook before and the champion is never entirely happy while training unless Sutton is in the kitchen.

The last, but not the least important of the big negro's training staff is his huge 30-horse-power automobile, a battleship gray, torpedo bodied affair that Johnson handles with cleverness and skill. This motor car has given Johnson more fun and his staff more worry than any one thing in his weeks of training. He loves the big toy, and driving it himself, tore over the roads at a terrific pace until Promoter Tex Rickard felt constrained to interfere. Tex did not relish the thought of a mishap to the fighter, and some three weeks prior to the fight persuaded Johnson to put his machine into the repair and paint shop, thus keeping the negro out of harm's way until the important event was over. Johnson is a chronic speed fiend, and while the car was at hand he never whirled away from camp but that his trainers expected a message telling of disaster.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

AMATEUR RECORD BROKEN.

NEW YORK, July 2.—Charles Bacon of the New York Athletic club clipped 9.45 seconds from the amateur quarter mile low hurdle record today. In the games of the Brooklyn Letter Carriers' association at Ulmer Park he went over twenty obstacles in one minute flat. The best previous time, 1.9.45 seconds, was made by Al Copeland here in 1888.

Poley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney and bladder trouble not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more. Utahna Drug Co.

FUTURITY AT SHEEPSHEAD.

NEW YORK, July 2.—Announcement was made by the stewards of the Coney Island Jockey club that the futurity, the most valuable race in America, would be run at Sheepshead Bay as scheduled on August 29. It had been reported that the race had been transferred to Saratoga.

FINANCIER ILL IN EUROPE.

NEW YORK, July 2.—An affidavit presented in court today, in a suit in which E. R. Thomas, financier and former patron of the turf, is one of the defendants, disclosed the fact that Mr. Thomas is seriously ill in Europe. The nature of his illness was not made known.

The sparring partners, Marty Cutler (white), and George Cotton, and Dave Mills (colored), are strapping young heavyweights, who in their capacity

vice than he has received. All of his training partners—those who do the real work with him—are young men.

Tom Flanagan, the man who assumed George Little's office and the

tion, the camp is never complete without him.

On days like this it is quite a cheering thing to take a bottle of Becker's Pure Beer from just below the ice—frosty with cold—dripping with cold—to slip the stopper off—to see the cool rich foam come to the mouth of the bottle—to hear it gurgling, temptingly into the glass—to take a long slow sip—to taste the malt—to feel the quenching effect of the pure distilled mountain water—the nerve centers strengthen under the influence of the life-giving grain.

—and you'll notice that Becker's has that rich, malty, nutritious taste to a greater degree than any beer brewed. There are hundreds of people today who prefer Becker's to the most expensive imported kinds.

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On days like this it is quite a cheering thing to take a bottle of Becker's Pure Beer from just below the ice—frosty with cold—dripping with cold—to slip the stopper off—to see the cool rich foam come to the mouth of the bottle—to hear it gurgling, temptingly into the glass—to take a long slow sip—to taste the malt—to feel the quenching effect of the pure distilled mountain water—the nerve centers strengthen under the influence of the life-giving grain.

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S.S.S. CURES OLD SORES

S. S. S. cures Old Sores in the very simplest way. It just goes into the circulation and removes the poisons and impurities which are keeping the place open. Then the sore or ulcer heals because the infected flesh tissues receive nourishment and healing properties from the blood, instead of irritating, disease-laden germs. Every symptom of an old sore suggests diseased blood. The inflammation, discharge, discolored flesh around the ulcer, and the fact that it resists every form of local treatment, and even returns after being removed by surgical operation, indicates that a great extent the blood is polluted. S. S. S. removes every trace of poison or infection from the circulation and makes the blood stream pure, rich and healthy. S. S. S. reaches hereditary taints, and those who are suffering from an old sore, which came without any apparent cause, could not do better than take a course of this great blood medicine to remove the inherited taint. S. S. S. cures old sores for the one simple reason that it purifies the blood. Book on Sores and Ulcers and any medical advice free to all who write.

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